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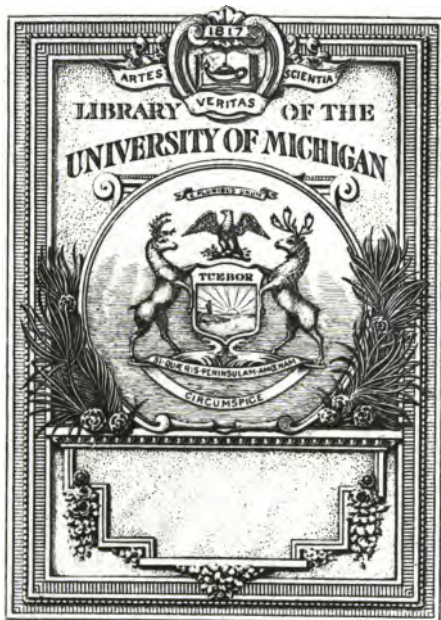
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**EDWIN AND ELTRUDA.**

**A**

**LEGENDARY TALE.**

**PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.**



*Williams, Helen Maria*

# EDWIN AND ELTRUDA

A

## LEGENDARY TALE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

---

Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the fun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it. It is filly, sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

---

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## ADVERTISEMENT,

By the EDITOR.

**T**HE young Lady who is the writer of the following Poem is a native of London, but was removed, with her Family, in very early life, to a remote part of the kingdom, where her sole instruction was derived from a virtuous, amiable, and sensible mother. In so distant a situation, she had such little access to books, that, when the piece now presented to the public was written, she had not read Mr. Cartwright's Armine and

b

Elvira,

SVS

Elvira, Dr. Percy's Hermit of Warkworth, and other beautiful productions of that kind. On her return to the metropolis last summer, the Poem being shewn to several of her acquaintance, they earnestly requested its publication; to which she hath consented, with the modesty and diffidence that, in the season of youth, are the usual concomitants of true virtue. Having long been intimate with the family, I with pleasure undertook the task of Editor; and my pleasure will be greatly increased, if this performance shall meet with a favourable reception from the judges of poetical merit. Should there be found in it many marks of an elegant and pathetic genius, to these not only the candid, but even the judicious critic will direct his principal attention; and will be disposed to forgive the simplicity of the story, and that

diffu-



diffusion of sentiment which is so natural to a youthful mind, in its first essays in composition.

FEB. 23,  
1782.

AND. KIPPIS.



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## EDWIN AND ELTRUDA.

---

**W**HERE the clear DERWENT's waters glide  
Along their mossy bed,  
Close by the river's verdant side,  
A castle rear'd its head,

The ancient pile by time eras'd,  
And level'd with the ground,  
Once many a sculptur'd trophy grac'd,  
And banners wav'd around.

*There* liv'd a Chief, to fame well known,  
A warlike, virtuous knight,  
Who many a well-fought field had won  
By valour and by might.

What time in martial pomp he led  
His chosen gallant train,  
The foe that erst had conquer'd, fled,  
Indignant fled the plain.

Yet milder virtues he possess,  
More gentle passions felt ;  
And in his calm and yielding breast  
Each soft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged toils of war  
His bosom e'er could steel ;  
He felt for every child of care,  
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,  
And many a grief to prove ;  
To feel the fulness of despair,  
The woes of hopeless love ;

To

To lose the partner of his breast,  
 Who sooth'd each rising care ;  
 And with mild efforts charm'd to rest  
 The griefs she fought to share.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death  
 O'erspread her fading charms ;  
 He saw her yield her quiv'ring breath,  
 And sink in death's cold arms.

From solitude he hop'd relief,  
 And this lone mansion fought,  
 To cherish there his sacred grief,  
 And nurse the tender thought.

Here, object of his fondest cares,  
 An infant daughter smil'd ;  
 And oft the mourner's falling tears  
 Bedew'd his EMMA's child !

Those

These tears, as o'er the babe he hung,  
Would tremble in his eye ;  
While blessings fault'ring on his tongue,  
Were breath'd but in a sigh.

For many a sad revolving year  
His hopeless griefs endure ;  
For ah ! a sorrow so severe  
'Tis death alone can cure.

Yet time can soften the deep wound  
It has not power to heal ;  
And in this child he thought he found  
His much-lov'd EMMA still.

In his ELTRUDA's gentle breast  
His griefs he could repose ;  
With each endearing virtue blest,  
She soften'd all his woes.

'Twas

E L T R U D A.

'Twas easy in her look to trace  
An emblem of her mind :  
*There* dwelt each mild attractive grace,  
Each gentle grace combin'd.

Soft as the dews of morn arise,  
And on the pale flower gleam,  
So soft, so sweet her melting eyes  
With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower  
Smiles in the desert vale,  
And blows its balmy sweets to pour  
Upon the flying gale ;

So liv'd in solitude unseen  
This lovely, peerless maid ;  
So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,  
And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet love could pierce the lone recess,  
For there he loves to dwell ;  
He scorns the noisy croud to bless,  
And seeks the lowly cell.

There only his resistless dart  
In all its power is known ;  
His empire sways each willing heart ;  
They live to love alone,

EDWIN, of every grace possst,  
First taught her heart to prove  
That gentlest passion of the breast,  
To feel the power of love.

Tho' few the pastures he possst,  
Tho' scanty was his store,  
Tho' wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,  
EDWIN could boast of more !

EDWIN



E L T R U D A.

7

EDWIN could boast the liberal mind,  
The gen'rous, ample heart ;  
And every virtue heav'n inclin'd  
To bounty, can impart.

The maxims of this servile age,  
The mean, the selfish care,  
The fordid views that now engage  
The mercenary pair,

Whom riches can unite or part,  
To them was all unknown ;  
For then the sympathetic heart  
Was link'd by love alone.

They little knew that wealth had power  
To make the constant rove ;  
They little knew the splendid dower  
Could add a bliss to love.

They

They little knew the human breast  
    Could pant for fordid ore ;  
Or, of a faithful heart possest,  
    Could ever wish for more.

And tho' her peerless beauty warms  
    His heart to love inclin'd ;  
Not less he felt the lasting charms,  
    The beauties of her mind.

Not less his gentle soul approv'd  
    The virtues glowing there ;  
For surely Virtue to be lov'd  
    Needs only to appear.

The sweets of dear domestic bliss  
    Each circling hour beguil'd ;  
And meek-ey'd hope, and inward peace  
    On the lone mansion smil'd.

E L T R U D A.

9

Oft o'er the daify-sprinkled mead,  
They wander'd far away,  
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,  
That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,  
With sadness oft was wrung ;  
For the bruise'd insect as it fell,  
Her soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waste,  
A sigh would heave her breast  
The while her gentle hand replac'd  
The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bow'r,  
And haste with tender care  
To nurse some pale declining flow'r,  
Some op'ning blossom rear.

D

And

And oft with eager steps she flies  
To cheer the lonely cot,  
Where the poor widow pour her sighs,  
And wails her hapless lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees  
Her lisping infants clasp;  
Their meek imploring look she sees,  
She feels their tender grasp.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell  
They mark the bursting sigh —  
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)  
They weep, unknowing why.—

HER hands the lib'ral boon impart,  
And much her tear avails  
To sooth the mourner's bursting heart,  
Where feeble utterance fails.

E L T R U D A.

II

On the pale cheek where hung the tear  
Of agonizing woe,  
She bids the gush of joy rise there,  
The tear of rapture flow.

If greater plenty to impart  
She e'er would heav'n implore,  
'Twas only that her ample heart  
Still panted to do more.

Thus soft the gliding moments flew,  
(Tho' love would court their stay)  
While some new virtue rose to view,  
And mark'd each fleeting day.

Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,  
Like the poor wand'ring dove,  
Here softly-resting found a home,  
And wish'd no more to rove.

The

The youthful poet's soothing dream  
Of youthful ages past,  
The Muses' fond ideal theme  
Was realiz'd at last.

Joy springs amid' encircling cares  
To breasts where virtue glows;  
For Virtue, in this vale of tears,  
A paradise bestows.

But vainly here we hope that bliss  
Unchanging will endure;  
Ah, in a world so vain as this,  
What heart can rest secure?

For now arose the death-fraught day,  
For civil discord fam'd,  
When YORK from LANCASTER's proud sway,  
The Royal sceptre claim'd.

The

The passing moments now were fraught  
With defolating rage ;  
And now the bloody deeds were wrought  
That swell th' historic page.

The good old ALBERT vows again  
To seek the hostile field ;  
The cause of HENRY to maintain,  
The spear for him to wield.

But oh, a thousand sacred ties  
That bind the hero's soul,  
A thousand tender claims arise,  
And EDWIN's breast controul,

And link the youth to HENRY's foes —  
But ah, it rends his heart  
The aged ALBERT to oppose ;  
To bear an adverse part.

Tho' passion pleads in HENRY's cause,  
And EDWIN's heart would sway,  
Yet honour's stern imperious laws  
The brave will still obey.

Oppress'd with many a mingled care,  
Full oft ELTRUDA sigh'd,  
And mourn'd the rugged brow of war  
Should those she lov'd divide.

At length the fatal morn arose  
In gloomy vapours drest ;  
The pensive maiden's sorrow flows,  
And pale fear heav'd her breast.

A thousand pangs the father feels,  
A thousand tender fears ;  
While at his feet she trembling kneels,  
And bathes them with her tears.

A fall-



A falling drop bedew'd his cheek,  
From the sad scene he flew ;  
The tender father could not speak —  
He could not say—adieu !

Then EDWIN, hapless EDWIN came ;  
He saw her pallid look,  
And tremblings seize her tender frame,  
While thus he fault'ring spoke :

“ This cruel tenderness but wounds  
“ The heart it means to bless :  
“ Those falling tears, those plaintive sounds,  
“ Increase the soft distress !

“ Then be to wretched EDWIN kind,  
“ Nor mourn, dear tender maid”—  
At length, on EDWIN'S breast reclin'd,  
ELTRUDA faintly said :

“ If

“ If fate relentless has decreed,  
“ On yonder hostile plain,  
“ My EDWIN’S destin’d heart to bleed,  
“ And swell the heaps of slain ;

“ Trust me, my love, I’ll not complain,  
“ I’ll shed no feeble tear ;  
“ Not one weak drop my cheek shall stain,  
“ Or tell what passes here !

“ Ah, let thy fate of others claim  
“ A tear, a tender sigh ;  
“ I’ll only murmur thy dear name—  
“ Call on my love — and die.”

’Twere vain for feeble words to tell  
The pangs their bosoms prov’d ;  
They only can conceive it well  
Whose hearts have trembling lov’d.

The

The timid Muse forbears to say  
What laurels EDWIN won ;  
Nor paints the gallant deeds that day  
By aged ALBERT done.

On softer themes alone she dwells,  
As trembling thro' the grove,  
Of friendship's woes she sad'ning tells,  
Or sings of hapless love.

Tho' long the beaming day was fled,  
The fight they still maintain ;  
While night a deeper horror shed  
O'er the enfanguin'd plain.

The martial trump invades the ear,  
And drowns the orphan's cry :  
No more the widow's shriek they hear,  
The love-lorn virgin's sigh !

The pangs those dear-bought laurels yield,

Alas, what tongue can speak ?

Perchance not one that strews the field

But leaves some heart to break.

To ALBERT's breast the faultion flew —

He felt a mortal wound ;

The drops that warm'd his heart, bedew

And stain the flinty ground.

The Foe who aim'd the deadly dart,

Heard his expiring sighs ;

Soft pity touch'd his yielding heart,

To ALBERT streight he flies—

While round the Chief his arms he cast,

While oft his bosom sigh'd,

And seem'd as if it mourn'd the past—

Old ALBERT faintly cry'd,

“ Tho’

“ Tho’ nature heaves these feeble groans,

“ Without complaint I die.

“ Yet one dear care my heart still owns,

“ Still feels one tender tie.

“ For YORK, a youth well known to fame

“ Uplifts the hostile spear ;

“ EDWIN’s the blooming hero’s name,

“ To ALBERT’s bosom dear ;

“ Ah, tell him my expiring sigh,

“ Say my last words besought

“ To my despairing child to fly,

“ ’Ere fame the tidings brought :”

He spoke !—but oh, what mournful strain

In sadness apt to melt,

What moving numbers can explain

The pangs that EDWIN felt !

For EDWIN 'twas himself that held  
The dying warrior prest,  
(Whom the dark shades of night conceal'd)  
Close to his throbbing breast.

“ Ah, fly (he cry'd) my touch profane!

“ Oh how the rest impart?

“ 'Twas EDWIN plung'd—rever'd old man—

“ The dagger in thy heart.”

His dying eyes he feebly rais'd,  
Which seem'd for ever clos'd ;  
On the pale youth they piteous gaz'd—  
And then in death repos'd.—

“ I'll go (the hapless EDWIN said)

“ And breathe a last adieu ;

“ And with the drops despair will shed,

“ My mourning love bedew.

“ I'll

“ I’ll go the tender maid to seek,  
“ To catch her bursting sigh,  
“ To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,  
“ And at her feet to die.”

And as the tender maid to seek  
The frantic mourner flew,  
To wipe the tear from her pale cheek,  
And breathe a last adieu,

Appall’d his startling fancy fees  
His true love’s sorrows flow ;  
And hears in every passing breeze  
The plaintive sounds of woe.

Meanwhile the weeping maid, whose prayers  
In vain would heav’n implore,  
Of ALBERT’S fate despairing hears,  
But yet had heard do more.

She saw her much-lov'd EDWIN near—

She saw, and piteous sigh'd ;

The sigh chill'd every falling tear —

At length she faintly cry'd,

“ Eternal woes this heart must prove ;

“ Its tenderest ties are broke :

“ Ah say, what ruthless arm, my love,

“ Could aim the deadly stroke !

“ Could not thy hand, my EDWIN, thine,

“ Have warded off the blow ?

“ For, ah, he was not only mine,

“ He was *thy* father too !

No longer EDWIN could endure

The pangs no strains can tell ;

From death he fondly hop'd a cure,

As senseless, cold, he fell.

She



She flew—she gave her sorrows vent—

A thousand tears she pour'd ;

Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,

The youth to life restor'd.

“ Why wildly throbs each shiv’ring vein ?

“ (She cry’d) my EDWIN speak—

“ Or all unable to sustain

“ These pangs, my heart will break.”

“ Yes—it will break, (he frantic cry’d)

“ For me will life resign—

“ Then trembling know thy father died,

“ And know the guilt was mine.”

“ It is enough ! ”—with short quick breath,

Exclaim’d the mournful maid :

She spoke no more, but seem’d from death

To hope for instant aid.

But

But lo! a pensive, silent train  
With downcast looks appear;  
Who ALBERT's pallid corse sustain,  
Plac'd on a fable bier.

For hapless EDWIN fondly thought  
It might some comfort yield,  
If good old ALBERT's corse were brought  
From off the blood-stain'd field.

He thought 'twould sooth ELTRUDA's pains,  
O'er the dear hallow'd urn  
Which ALBERT's sacred dust contains,  
Awhile her griefs to mourn.

But ah, all frantic at the sight,  
A hurried glance she threw;  
Then starting wild with pale affright,  
That hurried glance withdrew.

Trembling

Trembling she rush'd, and in her arms  
The dear remains she prest;  
But sudden, paleness veil'd her charms  
So late in beauty drest.

In plaintive accents EDWIN cries,  
“ And have I murder'd thee?—  
“ To other worlds thy spirit flies,  
“ And mine this stroke shall free.”

His hand the death-fraught weapon grasp'd,  
The steel he firmly prest,  
When sudden she arose, and clasp'd  
Him wildly to her breast.

“ Methought (she cry'd with panting breath)  
“ My EDWIN talk'd of peace,  
“ I knew 'twas only found in death,  
“ And fear'd that sad release.

H

To clasp

“ To clasp him still—’twas but a dream—

“ Help yon wide wound to close,

“ From which a father’s spirits stream,

“ A father’s life-blood flows.

“ But see, from thee he shrinks ! nor would

“ Be blasted by thy touch—

“ Ah, tho’ my EDWIN spilt thy blood,

“ Yet once he lov’d thee much.

“ My father, yet in pity stay !

“ I see his white beard wave —

“ A spirit beckons him away,

“ And points to yon cold grave.

“ E’en now, my love, I trembling hear

“ Him breath a last adieu !

“ I see, my love, the falling tear

“ His furrow’d cheek bedew !

“ I feel

“ I feel within his aged arms

“ His poor ELTRUDA prest :

“ I hear him speak the fond alarms

“ That wring a parent's breast.

“ He's gone!—and here his ashes sleep ;

“ I do not heave a sigh —

“ His child a father does not weep,

“ For, ah, my brain is dry !

“ But come, together let us rove

“ At the pale hour of night,

“ When the moon glimm'ring thro' the grove,

“ Shall shed her faintest light :

“ We'll gather from the rosy bow'r

“ The fairest wreaths that bloom ;

“ We'll cull, my love, each op'ning flow'r,

“ To deck his hallow'd tomb.

“ We'll

“ We'll thither from the distant dale,

“ A weeping willow bear ;

“ And plant a lily of the vale,

“ A drooping lily there !

“ We'll shun the glaring face of day,

“ Eternal silence keep ;

“ Thro' the dark wood we'll cheerless stray,

“ And only live to weep.

“ But hark !—'tis come—the fatal time

“ When, EDWIN, we must part ;

“ Some angel tells me 'tis a crime

“ To hold thee to my heart.

“ My father's spirit hovers near :

“ Alas, he comes to chide—

“ Is there no means, my EDWIN dear,

“ The fatal deed to hide ?

“ None,

“ None, none—for wheresoe’er we go

“ Lo, streams of blood proceed !

“ And should the torrent cease to flow,

“ Yet still our hearts would bleed.

“ Our hearts the secret would betray,

“ The tale of death reveal ;

“ Angels would come in dread array,

“ The bloody deed to tell.

“ Yet, EDWIN, if th’ offence be thine

“ Too soon I can forgive ;

“ But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,

“ Could I endure to live.

“ Farewell, my love !—for, ah, I faint :

“ Of pale despair I die. —

“ And see that hoary murder’d faint

“ Descends from yon blue sky.

I

“ Poor

“ Poor, weak-old man !—he comes, my love,

“ To lead to heav’n the way ;

“ He knows not heaven will joyless prove,

“ While EDWIN is away.”

“ It is too much !” (he frantic cry’d)

Then to his bosom prest

The dying maid, who piteous sigh’d—

And sunk to endless rest.

He saw her dying eye-lids close,

He heard her latest sigh,

And yet no tear of anguish flows

Fast streaming from his eye.

For, ah, the fulness of despair,

The pang of high-wrought woe,

Admits no silent trembling tear,

No lenient drop to flow.

He